

SUNDAY APPEAL.

For the Sunday Appeal.

FAITH AND NO FAITH.

BY ELLIEN ROSE, MEMPHIS.

The day passed out thro' twilight,
I went to bed as usual, evening prayer,
Beauty, silence and splendor, born of night,
Were gliding everywhere.

A lonely breeze slipped down,
From starry stillness, and I passed
From the world's hurly-burly, and I passed
From the world's hurly-burly, and I passed

At midnight's pale face was cast;
The white, a pale of wings,
Said plain as speech, the angels were abroad;
And followed one with spirit-murmurs

Viewless along the road,
And whispered, sweetly low:
A starry light from happy-hearted
Heaven, and down from happy-hearted

In fairy voices were fitting to and fro,
And down from happy-hearted
Heaven, and down from happy-hearted
Heaven, and down from happy-hearted

All seem, in busy life,
Lighting far lamps to guide Love's airy feet;
Not all joy we know of here, but this—
An angelic visit to the heart

No lamp is lit for us,
No home reaches its love-lights through the
night,
To me, through the dark, no other light—
No fair home was dim, I said,

Your hopes are dim, I said,
And though for me there be no home at all,
Not rest, not love, not life, save with the dead
Morning or even-land.

Yet when the night had
Her million stars shone on high, I knew
They are but golden showers that do fit
In darkness to and fro.

From many mansions' fair,
Where homes are made for homeless hearts,
By hands
Unseen but loved; and in one mansion there,
Of you, celestial child,

I know two loved and dwell,
And in the window-seat a light for me,
Although I hear them not, nor see, 'tis well—
They wait me patiently.

And so the spirit sees
Them watching there, and past this life's
dumb,
Floating through Heaven's bliss, on blissful
breath

They wait, "Why don't you come?"

CLERKS.

How they Live and What they do
in Large Cities.

The New York correspondent of the Providence Press describes the life of the clerks in that city:

Some of the establishments have as many as two hundred clerks in their employ. They are expected to dress well, to keep up with the fashions, so as to be in keeping with the general style of things about them. They must be at business promptly at eight in the morning, a strict account being kept of any failure to come on time. They are expected to be at the department to the general manager. All the day long they are kept on their feet, under watchful eyes, and at a multitude of details to attend to; and at noon they must hurry out for a lunch and be back as soon as possible, flying the day through until seven or eight o'clock at night. In the busy season they are liable to be worked until eleven or twelve o'clock at night; and in the dull season, which comes on in the month of August, they are just as liable to be discharged at a week's notice, and though they have been in the city for years, and been faithful in every way.

It is a well known fact that New York merchants care nothing for the interests of their clerks; and the larger and more prosperous the house, the more anxious it is to save a few dollars, by cutting down hands in full times. The supply of clerks is always so large that at the approach of busy days they can easily fill up again. With an exception of new clerks, who bring trade of their own, contract, no clerk is sure of his place beyond the passing week. And for it all, what salary is received? By careful search through all branches of trade, it is found that the average is not over fifteen dollars a week; falling in some, yes, in many cases, far below that, and rising, in a few exceptions, far above. Thus, the head book-keeper of a prominent Broadway house gets a salary of thirteen thousand dollars, and the head clerk of a less than six men, having the brunt of the work to do, who are paid three dollars a day. There are men in other houses who enjoy princely incomes, because they have drawn one of the prizes of trade; they have made a very large sum, and have been able to buy a house, and to send their children to college, and to give them a good education. But all around them are men without this special advantage, though competent, who are barely getting a living.

Go into other lines of business. An entry clerk in a great grocery, or produce, or tea house, is thought well paid, for the first few years at least, with five hundred salary. He must be a crack penman, and devote himself to a very close, to business, and to retain the position, where, in this overcrowded city, so many are eager to get in. A young friend of mine worked six years in one wealthy commission house, giving night and day to the affairs, hoping each season, as he saw his services were worth more than he was getting, that the firm would raise his salary. At last his efficient business quality attracted the attention of a rival company, who offered him a large advance. He announced his intention of leaving his employer, and was told that he could not spare him, and wanted him to name the salary he wished. And this is a fair sample of the mercenary style in New York.

The clerks in banks are well paid, well treated, and are often times provided with dinner free. In fact, some of the banks get up daily a luxurious dinner for their clerks, serving it hot and nice in the bank parlor or other room provided for the purpose. These fortunes also receive a semi-regular gift from the bank of five hundred dollars, and as might be supposed, there are five hundred applicants for every vacancy that occurs.

The lack of a home sends the clerk too often on the streets for amusement. Thousands of young men are living in New York without any check upon them in the way of home influence. Disappointed or weary, they seek those exciting pleasures of town life which blast and ruin. Not being able to meet the demands of these follies, they gamble, hoping to raise money; they rob employers, going on from small sums to large amounts, and at last become reckless. Even as I write, memory brings up the careers of clerks who were of New England, of good families, who, in some evil, wayward, tempting hour, fell into the pitiless snare, and were caught beyond hope in the meshes—what a name and caste and broke the heart of fond parents at home! They came to New York with a meaning will, and with high-bred bearing. But as their whirling life was too much for them, they competition and merciless demands broke their spirit—they lost honor—they lost themselves!

OLE BULL AT HOME.

The Great Norwegian Violinist in Norway.

When Ole Bull left this country a few months ago, he was accompanied by Mr. J. P. Watson, of New York, who sends the following entertaining correspondence to the Revolution:

VALESTAD, Norway, Aug. 1868.

For the past month I have been

journing in this beautiful country as the

quest of the world-renowned violinist, Ole

Bull. Valestad is a quiet and secluded

spot, situated in a charming valley, about

eighteen miles from Bergen. Most of

Ole Bull was born in Bergen, most of

his youthful days were passed at Vale-

stad; and there is a cave, a short dis-

tance from the house, where, as a boy,

the violinist practiced his first erude

of music. Many were the hours he spent

in this lonely cave, with no other com-

panion than his love. At the age of

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Norwegian composer, who died at the early age of twenty-four years. His music is full of tender pathos, and strikingly original. He was a warm friend of Ole Bull, and his *Opus No. 1* is dedicated to the great violinist.

The Norwegian thoroughly understand the art of enjoyment. I think, in their social entertainments and amusements, they are ahead of the French and Germans. They are proverbially hospitable, especially so in country places.

A stranger coming to their meals also prevails here, the guests shake hands all round, and when they come to the host they say, "Tak for maden," which is equivalent to "thank you for food." The host responds with "Vel bekomme," or, much good may you receive from it. The language closely resembles the English, and is easily acquired. Ole Bull will return to the United States in early autumn, and give his first concert in Boston, commencing on the 23d September, and has presented your correspondent with a magnificent "Cronaca" violin, made by Amati, in 1616, which is a priceless souvenir of his visit to Norway and the generosity of Ole Bull.

Yours truly, J. FAY WATSON.

CHLOROFORM.

The Effect of Light upon it.

From the Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal.

Some time since, a death occurred at Winona, Wisconsin, during the progress of the chloroform.

The coroner's investigation it was asked, if light would decompose chloroform, and if so, what time was required to render the decomposition apparent. On these points Dr. Youmans (*Dental Register*) says: At the time the chemical examination of the chloroform was going on, a fresh bottle, represented as belonging to the same invoice as that used by Dr. Welch, was obtained from Mr. Wick-

ersham, and also subjected to examination. This presented nothing unusual, and was found to be perfectly pure. At the close of the inquest it was left standing upon the table, near a window, in a private room in my office, where, for a portion of the day—from about nine o'clock until five—there was exposed to the direct rays of the sun. I took no particular notice of it further than an occasional glance, until one day—the twenty-fifth, I think—from the time of bringing it to the office—I observed upon the bottle a greenish-yellow stain, which at once arrested my attention. Struck by the similarity of color between the stain and the foreign substance present in the chloroform which came from the office of Dr. Welch, I immediately dipped into the bottle a slip of test paper, and found the contents to be decidedly acid.

A day or two after I observed that a greenish-colored fluid was collecting upon the surface of the chloroform; and this has since gone on accumulating until now it forms a layer of six or eight inches of an inch thick, adhering to the sides of the bottle, and floating upon the surface. I have tested this chloroform carefully, and find the new substance to be hydrochloric acid.

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

Brief Story of the Life of Robert Kennicott.

From a Boston letter we have the following interesting story of the life and death of a remarkable young man:

I wonder, did you ever hear of Robert Kennicott? Some one told me the brief story of his life, the other day, and I was well wadded with interest. I can give you but the merest sketch of a sketch. He was the son of the well-known editor of *The Pacific Pioneer*, and a resident of Chicago. In his boyhood he manifested an extraordinary love for study, history, geology, and natural science, and a very powerful and brilliant mind. It was, I am not well posted in the dates of this subject, but I think he had passed his sixteenth birthday, say in '60 or '61, when he set out on an exploring expedition through the northwestern portion of the country. He ascended the Missouri river to its source, traveling alone through regions where a white foot had scarcely ever trodden, thoroughly explored the Russian and British possessions in the northwest, and carried out a campaign of investigation against bears, birds, reptiles and insects. He visited Sitka, then a Russian post, and remained there for some time. He inoculated the Russian officers there stationed, many of whom had a high regard for his studies, and taught them to pursue the studies which alone he found happiness. His experiences almost rival those of Munchausen in dangers and difficulties. No peril daunted him; no obstacle deterred him. Once, far in the wilderness, he found himself destitute of food, and with himself and his "sick" impaled, and without a moment's hesitation he set out and made a journey of five hundred miles through the wilderness to reach the nearest civilized place. During one of his visits to this place, I think in 1863, he heard of the war of the rebellion. Instantly he started overland for the East, made his way to the army in Virginia, associated himself with the Sanitary Commission, and was there faithfully in the cause of humanity till Lee's surrender. Without a moment's delay, after that event, he turned his steps again to the northwest and buried himself in the wilderness. A little more than a year ago some travelers in the Alaskan region came upon the figure of a man sitting, compass in hand, before a map of the scene of his recent explorations, which he had drawn with a stick upon the snow, dead. It was young Kennicott, who had died as he had lived, alone. His short life was without a fault, however. He had established an intimate connection with the officers of the Smithsonian Institute, who were filled with wondering admiration of his energy and love of science. His contributions to the cabinet of that institution were of inestimable value and his good deeds live after him in the acts of others whom he taught to love science. Not long ago—before the Alaska purchase, however—Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian, received from the hands of a Russian officer stationed at Sitka—a gentleman whom Kennicott had inspired with his own zeal in the study of natural history—which the professor affirmed no European museum could duplicate. Prof. Baird has been asked to write a biography of Kennicott, and a review of his travels in Alaska; but he declines the task, pleading want of time, and suggests that Dr. Simpson, of Chicago, should undertake the work.

A SHAKING OF MERINO WOLLS was held in Geneva county, New York, June 12th, at which 21 wools were shown, yielding 17 pounds per fleece.

The total output of capital in the Band of Hope place mine at Ballarat, Australia, has been \$150,000; the yield in three years \$3,000,000; the net profits \$1,000,000.

For the Sunday Appeal.

A FRIEND.

BY MARY E. POPE.

In the gay paths of pleasure, when life's light was young,

I sported, nor thought, in his bright gaze would

be, Glad, and happy, while every sense

And for freedom sharp stings to my bosom

did send;

In the through that round me, with anguish

and dread,

I found "I was worthy the dear name of

friend.

That knowledge has taught my dearest, foot-

leat heart,

On the low leaping tenderness richly bent,

And its glow with radiant rays fervent to

rejoice in

In response to the call of a true earnest

friend.

Oh! what were the words, with its ringing

and glad,

It took to which so devoutly we bend,

The times and turn of its glittering frame,

If, and then, the heart were unchained by

its own

Thou mightest thy glories still shed o'er the

night,

Enchantment the steps of the seasons attend,

But the eye would rest on thee, untrilled

with light,

If it met the answering glance of a friend.

For, let the sky lower, let Fortune look stern,

Let lightning, sorrow, and care, the heart

beat;

Yet, in sunshine, the brightness and gladness

return,

The instant the heart recognizes a friend.

When on the last bed, when the soul struggles up

From the clay, with the spirit dark and

From unseemly bitter to drain the Eternal cup

Unmurmured by the tears and embrace of a

friend.

When life's dreams are o'er, and alone we go

How dreadful that land unto which we must

wend,

In mystery shrouded, unfathomable by sense,

It is not the home of an Almightier friend.

When we think of that home, where angels in

their radiant anthems in unison bend,

How it swells the anguish and sorrow of this,

To know, "neath its skies, friend again shall I

meet!

SAINT MARTIN, 1857.

THE CAPITOL.

The New Bronze Doors—Interesting Description.

From the Springfield (Mass.) News, Aug. 23.

Everyone has heard of the new bronze

doors for the Capitol at Washington,

now being made at the Ames Company's

works at Chicopee; and now that they

are nearly completed a history and de-

scription of them will be of interest to

many who may not have an opportunity

of seeing them.

To begin at the time that they were

first considered necessary to the beauty

and convenience of the Capitol, recall us

to when the now notorious Jefferson Davis

was Secretary of War. Mr. Davis, in

Washington, and two wings were added

to the Capitol to supply the want, and

in one of these bronze doors are to be

seen.

An Art Committee was appointed by